FREEDOM

NEW SERIES, VOL. I, No. 11 APRIL, 1933 FIVE CENTS

Notes and Comments

Scottsboro

A harmless colored boy of nineteen has just been condemned by a jury at Decatur, Alabama, because an ignorant and vicious white woman accused him of rape, and an ignorant and vicious Attorney General with an ignorant and vicious jury took her word because they want to "uphold the supremacy of our noble white race." In the face of all the evidence and of reason the jury voted him guilty within a few minutes after entering the jury room. It took them 22 hours to win over the one man who stood out for life imprisonment but finally the vote was death. The decision, while a bitter disappointment, was discounted long ago, for with generations of bigotry and race prejudice against an innocent and harmless people, the population had condemned him from the start and the unspeakable Attorney General and Solicitor merely echoed and helped that feeling to fan the flames against him. It is doubtful if any radical or revolutionist can add to the statement of Mr. Liebowitz, attorney for the defense, except to change a sentence or two. He conducted his case brilliantly and with a logic that was irrefutable, but logic could not prevail against bigotry and sadism, for that is what condemned the boy.

Mr. Liebowitz issued a statement in which he said:

"This is a black page in the history of American civilization. An occasion where once more twelve citizens of Alabama, swayed by bigotry and prejudice and hearkening to the yelps of a bombastic Ku Klux who hurled mud at the Jew and the people of the great State of New York to sympathetic ears in the court room crowded with lantern-jawed morons and lynchers, brought in a verdict that is a mockery of justice.

"The hatred for New York and other metropolitan centres of commerce and modern enlightenment was even more vicious than the hatred manifested by this outrageous verdict against the Negro.

"You must know this God-forsaken place, some of the creatures that live here, the mobs that burn crosses at night, masked like cowards so that decent people cannot see the sordidness and venom in their hideous countenances in order to understand that the verdict here was just a piece of judicial lynching.

Pays Tribute to Judge

"This does not apply in any respect to the wonderful jurist who presided over this trial, but he was like a straw caught in the whirlpool of bigotry and intolerance that surged through the court room, and his calm and judicious warnings to the twelve in the jury box could not have fallen upon understanding or willing ears.

"Will we appeal this case? Most assuredly; up to the highest court of our land that once before hurled this mess back into the laps of the bigots, and we'll continue to fight until hell freezes over, not only to save nine innocent men, but to uphold the good name of our country to the rest of the world on the plane where every decent citizen feels it rightfully belongs."

The New York *Times* of April 10th says editorially: "It is now difficult to see how an appeal could lie to the Supreme Court again, i.e., if prejudice of the most brutal and arrogant as well as stupid type can strike twice in the same place—well, it's just too bad—or to any higher power except the Governor." It would be the crime of crimes to allow this nineteen year old boy to suffer death for no other reason than his black skin and a mighty protest should go up throughout the land from every liberty loving man and woman against this crime.

Thomas Paine and New Rochelle

Passing by North Avenue and Main Street, New Rochelle, where men and women come to get their relief and call anxiously in search of work I fell to thinking that it was once the home of that glamorous figure, Thomas Paine; that his bones rested there for a time until an English admirer dug them up and carried them off to his native land because, as he said, America did not appreciate or deserve him. The little house where he lived in simple style still stands and even some of the furniture used by him is there, giving an air of intimacy to the place and carrying one back through the imagination a hundred and twenty-five or more years to the stirring days when Tom Paine, revolutionist and author of *Common Sense, The Rights of Man,* and *Age of Reason,* was known throughout the world.

Across the street from the little house stands another and more pretentious one, built a few years ago almost entirely through the efforts of Wm. Van Der Weyde, first treasurer of the Ferrer Association and long President of the Paine Memorial Society. Standing between both and facing North Avenue is a pedestal with a bust of Paine mounted on it. The two houses, both in memory of Paine, symbolize the division of the radical forces of the world, for the original Paine house is maintained by the Huguenot Society and the larger one by the Paine Association.

Today New Rochelle is a city of 54,000 people and the memorials to the great humanitarian stand in one of the city's wealthiest and most exclusive sections, making it certain that he would not feel at home were he to return and seek his modest little house. He might also feel downhearted if he were to read the local paper of March 27th with the report of the Work and Relief Bureaus for the month of February. The figures differ slightly from those given by the local officials but not enough to make any real difference. There were 1,566 families totalling 5,603 individuals on relief at a cost of $37,069.44, divided as follows: Food $22,250.95, coal $3,626.38; shoes $1,143.81, medicine $474.49, eyeglasses $79.50, milk $2,075.55, rent $6,711.00, gas and electricity $707.76. Dividing $37,069.44 by 5,603 we find that each individual received $6.60 for an entire month, or less than $1.50 a week for food, coal, shoes, medicine, eyeglasses, rent, gas and electricity. People who are supposed to know assure me that many of the people receiving relief have additional incomes, for the amount given is graded according to what the officials call the *needs* of the people. From observations made and talks had with at least a hundred unemployed it is certain that these other sources of income do not average more than half the amount of relief and even this is more than doubtful. But if it is so, it means that about *$10. a month per person for food, shelter, fuel and other necessities is what* 5,603 *persons are existing on* in this, one of the richest cities (figured on a per capita basis) in the United States, and one-time home of the man who proclaimed that immortal credo "The world is my country, mankind are my brethren, to do good is my religion."

The world sadly needs a man with the superb talent of Thomas Paine to awaken the mass of people with his ringing words just as he once awakened the ragged and tattered soldiers of the continental army fighting for independence. One hundred and fifty years after Paine issued his clarion call and put new life into the starving and ragged men fighting for what they called independence millions of men and women throughout the country and thousands in the city where he lived and was buried are subsisting on starvation rations, standing in bread lines for their grocery orders and are being treated as mendicants instead of as men and women out of work through no fault of their own. When will men learn and learning act? Or is it an endless struggle, a lane without end, with men forever walking in circles and never getting anywhere? Who has the answer?

Mussolini and MacDonald

The daily papers carried a story a few days ago to the effect that Mussolini and MacDonald, arch-traitors to the working class and their former socialist comrades, met in Rome. As a matter of fact, we saw them in the news reel at a local movie house and the way MacDonald grasped the hand of Mussolini he seemed to say, Blood brother, you look pretty good; and they proceeded to carve up Europe in good old Metternich fashion. France objected, so the carving is still on paper at the moment and probably will continue to be until France gets a piece of the white meat herself.

In Florence there is a house facing the Arno which was once occupied by a captain who at a certain period in history was entrusted with the defence of the city against the papal troops, but who betrayed his trust and surrendered the city to the enemy. That was more than four hundreds years ago but the house is still marked with a plaque giving the name of the man and telling the story. And so infamy has been immortalized. Will history repeat itself? If it does not it should.

Berkman

In a series of articles published in the New York *World-Telegram* recently the writer stated that "Alexander Berkman died a bitter and disillusioned man, disowned by the Communists in Russia." The articles were not unsympathetic but in the interest of accuracy we wrote to the editor correcting the statement, and he has since printed the correction. Berkman, who is living in Nice and was quite well a short time ago when he wrote us, may now say with Mark Twain, "The report of my death was grossly exaggerated."

Mother Earth

As we go to press *Mother Earth,* a lively little mimeographed publication, edited and published by John S. Scott and Jo Ann Wheeler at Craryville, New York, Route No. 1, comes to hand. Readers will get the real "dirt" farmer's point of view written in good plain English as would be expected of former teachers of the schools at Stelton and Mohegan. Send in a dollar and get ten copies for three months—yes, it's as cheap as that.

SPAIN UNDER THE REIGN OF TERROR

By SOLANO PALACIO

After the Horrible Crime of Casas Viejas the Prisoners Were Tortured in the Spanish Jails

The cowardice and brutality of the police, who do not stop even at attacking a man fighting for his life, were clearly demonstrated at Casas Viejas.

The anarchists of that southern town proclaimed Libertarian Communism without encountering opposition until they proceeded to the barracks of the Civil Guard and demanded that arms be given up, promising no harm from the new régime if no resistance were offered. The answer was a prompt opening of fire on the Anarchists, whereupon a fight ensued in which two members of the Guard were seriously wounded.

A large body of reinforcements—eighty assault and eighteen civil guards—arrived to put down the uprising in this small town, and they immediately started to kill right and left without provocation, as is usual with these lawful assassins. Casas Viejas was taken like any conquered Moroccan settlement. The first man to be met—a peasant walking up the main street—was killed immediately, and then the houses of the poor were searched, the occupants beaten, and a dozen killed. In this manner the Guard approached the home of Comrade Seisdedos, who fired on them, wounding two, when they tried to force open his door. One of the wounded guards was taken inside, and the other, apparently less seriously wounded, dragged himself to a corner of the patio, where he lay for fourteen hours—the time the attack lasted.

Comrade Seisdedos, nearly seventy years old, and his family of women and children were surrounded by over one hundred men armed with rifles and machine guns.

When they realized that rifle and machine-gun fire were ineffective they sent for hand grenades, which arrived at four o'clock in the morning. Many of these failed to explode, whereupon stones dipped in burning gasoline were thrown against the straw roof of the house to set it on fire. A thirteen-year-old girl, a grandchild of Seisdedos, tried to escape when her clothes caught fire and was killed by a machine gun the moment she stepped out of the house. All the family in the hut died but one girl, "La Libertaria," who made her escape in the darkness.

Over twenty comrades were murdered by the police at Casas Viejas. It has been charged that the guards killed a number of prisoners and then put the bodies in the ruins of the house to make it appear that they were killed while barricaded there.*

At the Police Headquarters of Barcelona the Prisoners were Savagely Tortured

Manuel Azaña, head of the Spanish Government, when recently asked in Parliament about the ill-treatment of prisoners at the Barcelona police headquarters, was bold enough to deny it, stating that a few guards had given only a few "vergajo" blows to Garcia Oliver, but that they had been punished for this.

In view of this impudent denial the report of the jail physicians was made public, the prisoners having been transferred to the Barcelona jail after having been at the police headquarters for eight days.

The Spanish Constitution states that no citizen shall remain in prison over seventy-two hours without being brought before a judge and indicted. Law, however, means nothing to those who make up the police department—low characters recruited from the riff-raff of society—as it means nothing to that other, higher-class, rabble who took advantage of the sudden change on April 14th to climb to their present positions of State and become the hangmen of the people to whom they had promised everything before the elections. As may be surmised, I refer to the socialists who from false leaders have turned into ruthless tyrants. In the face of the horrible crime of Casas Viejas and many similar crimes in other towns, and the Inquisitional atrocities committed against the political prisoners at the Barcelona police headquarters—both at this time and on many other occasions—the socialists have not raised their voices in protest.

Solidaridad Obrera and *La Tierra* published the report of the doctors Javier Serrano and Amadeo Gonzalez, given out after having examined the prisoners in their capacity of prison physicians. The list of the comrades brutally beaten is too long to enumerate, but many of them will remain crippled for life, and many are still in a serious condition.

Let us see the report of one of the victims, taken from an article appearing in *CNT* of Madrid and *Solidaridad Obrera* of Barcelona, of what took place at the police headquarters of Barcelona on January 8th:

"Handcuffed in pairs, we the prisoners went into the guard-room. A sergeant of the Security Corps entered the names of those arrested. Then an assault guard with two secret-service men rebuked the guards, demanding that we be taken to the Social Brigade. We instinctively knew what they wanted to do with us. An assault guard, dark and with bull-like neck, unbuttoned his coat, rolled up his sleeves and said, "Let's go!" at the same time pushing us out.

"We left the guard-room. Just across from it is a narrow stairway leading to the rooms of the 'brigades' and to the sleeping quarters of the assault guards. In front were comrades Feliz Arpal, Gregorio Jover, and Juan Piera; Pedro Gil, José Fernandez, Alfonso Guiralt and Marcelino Jimeno were in the middle; and Antonio Ortiz and Garcia Oliver behind. We were on the little stairway, the first rank had not yet arrived at the landing and the last was just beginning the ascent.

"At an order the guards, beast-like, jumped on us and showered us with blows, kicks and insults. The blows fell like a torrent; there were not ten or twenty people beating us, but the whole company of assault guards and all the secret-service men, including officers wearing stripes. Their fire and hatred seemed to center on Garcia Oliver. 'Let me alone, and I'll kill him' could be heard from many, and they fought among themselves for the honor of beating us.

"Jimeno fell down from a blow with the butt of a gun, but that did not stop them from continuing to beat him. Piera received a blow with a 'vergajo' which fractured his nose. One of the prisoners begged to be killed. Garcia Oliver and Ortiz lay on the floor; a heavy-bodied guard jumped on Oliver's head and another hit Ortiz with all his might with the barrel of a rifle.

"Blood oozed from the wounds of all of us. Guiralt lay in the corner unconscious, several guards beating him; one guard wanted to pass through the legs of his fellows to pull the testicles of the victim, but after two or three attempts gave up because, blinded with fury, the other guards beat him too.

"All this took place upstairs. Then came a voice of command: 'Come down boys!' Now our positions were changed, Garcia Oliver and Ortiz, who had been at the rear at the end of the aisle, had passed ahead of us while being beaten. Some had had their ligatures broken. Piera tried to get up, while Jimeno crawled on the floor covered with blood. The assault guards picked Garcia Oliver up from the ground, one holding his head and giving it a violent push backward while a secret-service man gave him several blows on the face with a 'vergajo.' We were again on the little stairway. An incredibly large heap of men writhing with pain and covered with blood had been made. The blows continued. Oliver was thrown over those lying on the floor by a violent blow with a rifle and he remained hanging over the upper section of the railing, held to the arm of Ortiz to whom he was handcuffed."

Why quote more of this horrible document that reminds us of the torments of the Inquisition? Such atrocities belong to degenerate beings, and therefore we understand why Seisdedos, whose generosity and kindness even his enemies must recognize, preferred burning to death rather than falling into the hands of the beasts at the service of the "Republic of Workers."

We can hardly find anything more ferocious or cruel in any country, but it is particularly significant—a mockery—that this should happen in a "Republic of Workers," at the hands of a government elected by the people, where the socialists hold considerable power.

The workers who still believe that the revolution will come from above, or through the ballot box, should make note of this. Also sincere socialists and communists should note it and remember that even bourgeois congressmen have raised their voices in protest against these excesses and the Casas Viejas massacre, while on the other hand the socialists have unanimously upheld the dictatorial Government of Azaña.

The labor and revolutionary press should reprint this protest of our martyred brothers so that the ferocity and savagery of the servants of the Spanish Republic may be known to all.

*These charges have subsequently been verified by a Parliamentary Commission which was appointed after considerable opposition from the Government and the socialists, to the latter's shame. Captain Rojas has confessed that they killed twelve peasants in cold blood because he had orders from the Director of Public Security, Captain Menendez, not to take prisoners or wounded or pay attention to white flags. These two servants of the "Republic of Workers" have finally been arrested and charged with murder. *Translator*

Revolutionists and Inquisitors

By L. R.

The revolutionary workers of Spain, with nothing but unemployment and misery facing them in the existing situation, no means of stemming the repressive measures of the socialist régime against all class-conscious workers, rose at the cry of "Long live the Social Revolution!" and revolted against all tyranny. Their patience finally exhausted, they armed themselves and proceeded to make life unpleasant for the spies and other reactionary forces. If all the organized workers had gone on strike as did the revolutionists and peasants the revolution would by now have been realized.

The peasants at Casas Viejas carried on a titanic battle against the murderous assault of the constabulary and guards; the rebels of Medina Sidonia armed themselves and formed barricades in the

(*Continued on page 5*)

Rudolf Rocker — *His Sixtieth Birthday*

By EMMA GOLDMAN

At no time in modern history has the ideal of a free and untrammeled world been tested so crucially as in our age. All the values of human brotherhood, individual and social liberty, and the sanctity of human life are being discarded one by one, sent adrift like beggars, reviled and degraded.

Dictatorship from the Left, Fascism from the Right have been set up as the new deities. Not only those on high, even the masses lie prostrate before the hydra-headed monster of tyranny. Seven countries have already become prey to its blood-and-iron rule. Among the latest Germany. Barely a month in power and the Hitler gangs have run amuck, spreading death and destruction wherever they have appeared. Germany is in fetters, every vestige of freedom abolished, thousands in prison, large numbers maimed before being put to death. As to the scourge of antiSemitism, not even under the dark regime of Czarism were such atrocities perpetrated as the horrors to which Jews are daily being subjected in the land once so proudly the home of poets and thinkers.

Verily we live in a period when the bravest spirits are scorched by a thousand fires and only the few emerge unscathed, their voices voices in the wilderness. The rest of the world, but recently professing libertarian and humane ideals, has so far remained silent in the face of the savagery now parading itself through the Kingdoms of Dictatorship and Fascism.

One of the rare spirits is Rudolf Rocker, sixty years young the twenty-fifth of this month. A child of the people, forced into the economic treadmill at a tender age, he has tasted to the full the hardships and poverty which are the lot of proletarian life. Rudolf, however, was not made to submit to cruelty and injustice without protest, as are so many who spring from the masses. The fire of rebellion is in his blood, in his heart love for his fellow men. These things made him socially conscious at fifteen. At sixty they still burn brightly in his soul. These qualities alone might not have sufficed to carry him along despite obstacles and opposition. An inspiring vision was needed, a thirst for knowledge, and a sensitiveness to suffering. Rudolf Rocker had these in abundance. Therefore he became the champion of Anarchism—the Clarion Voice crying for freedom—the sympathetic observer of human difficulties.

It was no accident that Rudolf chose bookbinding as his trade. Books were manna to his hungering mind. They helped him to a wider knowledge than might most academic grinding-mills. I well remember the amused twinkle in his eye as he related to me an experience he once had with an ultra-academic audience. They had looked blank when he had told them that he could claim no degrees because he had never been within the sanctums of learning. How else had he acquired the mastery of his subject, his wide range of knowledge, they had demanded. Years of poring over dusty parchments in stuffy class-rooms had unfitted these members of learned professions for the rough school Rudolf had attended—Life, the true fountain-head of wisdom. From its ever-renewing streams Rudolf Rocker had drunk deep. Hence his mental alertness, his emotional vigor, his depth of understanding—without which what is learning but dead weight?

Rudolf Rocker and I first met in 1900 while I was on tour through England and Scotland. I was astounded to learn that this *Goy* (Gentile) had acquired Yiddish in order to be able to edit the *Arbeiter Freund* (Workers' Friend), one of the best Jewish Anarchist publications ever issued in London. In the capacity of editor of this paper and through his splendid lectures Rudolf had influenced and developed a Yiddish Anarchist youth, a type I had not seen in my early activities in America. More than this, he had brought to the Yiddish-reading public translations and interpretations of universal art and letters, and had thus become an educational and cultural force respected and admired far beyond our own ranks.

His stand on the War locked him away for three years in an internment camp, but he was not long in establishing a forum there, and was the one support and adviser to his fellow prisoners. At the end of the War Rocker was expelled from England. He returned to his native land after an absence of several years. It was an impoverished, defeated and discouraged land, Germany. Its soil had become alien to him, the process of taking root there desperate. But Rudolf Rocker and his companion Milly resolutely set to work to rebuild what the War had destroyed along with all else, the Anarchist movement and its manifold activities.

It proved an almost superhuman task to keep going at all with poverty and want stalking through the land, but the Revolution in Germany brought new hope and new vigor to the German masses, and with them also impetus to the Anarchist movement. Rocker and some of the other comrades had learned through experience that the most fervent Anarchist propaganda if confined merely to little groups is doomed to play a subordinate part in great social upheavals. They set to work, therefore, to organize the revolutionary labor elements in Germany into a body that would establish the necessary economic arena for Anarchism. The Anarcho-Syndicalist organization was brought into being. More than anyone else Rudolf Rocker stressed the need of constructive revolutionary preparation for the growth of Anarchism and a successful Revolution.

It was also Rudolf who was instrumental in the revival of the First International, whose most stormy petrel had been Michael Bakunin. It was my good fortune to attend one of the congresses of the F.A.U.D. (The Freie Arbeiter Union Deutschlands), and also to be present at the rebirth of the International Workers' Association. Both were attended by many delegates seasoned in the revolutionary struggle and by younger men of ability. But Rudolf Rocker towered high above all of them in keenness of perception of the great task before the comrades and in tact in smoothing the troubled waters that always rise high at such gatherings.

In addition to his contributions to *The Syndicalist*, the *International Magazine* and our press in many countries besides Germany, Rudolf during this time wrote innumerable pamphlets, toured the length and breadth of Germany and went twice on lecture tours to the North American Continent. Besides this tremendous work, he wrote four books: a life of Johann Most, his experiences in the Internment Camp, a beautiful small volume containing pen pictures of six great characters of art and letters, and a book just recently finished—his chef d'oeuvre—a profound study of the question of race and nationalism.

In all his years there has been worry about making ends meet, much illness, and the stress of the hardships of those others with whom he and Milly have shared of their limited earnings. Never were they in a position to take a holiday for even a few weeks. Somehow these dear comrades have always had a soft spot in their hearts for me, and so I succeeded in enticing them to come for a month to St. Tropez. It was a never-to-be-forgotten month for me, with Rudolf, Milly and their young son Fermin. Rudolf's capacity to enjoy life, his child-like sense of pleasure, his humor, and above all his tender and understanding nature make him a marvelous companion. Alas, this was for only a month. His activities at home would give him no rest. Fascism had already begun to raise its sinister head. Indeed, he foresaw the growing reaction, and the urgent need of concerted action to stem its tide.

However, a people drilled for a half-century in the Marxian dogma, disrupted by the insidious propaganda of Moscow, physically depleted by war and its harrowing aftermath are much more fertile grounds for poisonous wood than for sturdy plants. The ease with which the Nazi vultures are sweeping across the land devouring their prey testify to this. Rudolf's prophetic outlook had warned against just such approaching events. In and out of the ranks of the F.A.U.D. he had thundered against the naivete and acquiescence of the German workers. But he was not heeded. Now the masses are reaping the rotten fruit of their credulity in all their political misleaders and detractors.

On his sixtieth anniversary our comrade sees his own great work and the efforts of all our comrades in Germany put to naught. But Rudolf Rocker is too clear a thinker and too good a historian not to know that all tyrants and despots are destroyed by the fury they themselves have set in motion. The hand of time is inexorable. Inevitably it slays those who attempt to control it. Only the great in spirit live eternal. Their work alone carries in its womb the seed of a new, resplendent life. Our comrade is one of the great. His labors will yet play a decisive part in the final reckoning with the black elements that now infest the world.

Dear Rudolf, I can not say what your friendship has alway meant to me. Even your comradeship I have but feebly interpreted here. You will understand how deeply I feel your sense of tragedy over the events in Germany today. It is our tragedy too. Indeed, the Germany of Hitler and his murderous hordes is the tragedy of the whole libertarian world. The earth is drenched with blood. The sky is black —yet there must be a dawn, though it seems so far away. On this your sixtieth birthday I wish fervently that you may still live to see the coming of the new day. May your strength hold out—I know your courage will—for the great task yet before us to usher in our splendid ideal!

Multatuli — An Anarchist Seer

By RUDOLF ROCKER (Translated by J. Scarceriaux)

(Continued from March issue)

The Love Letters

In 1861, Multatuli published his love letters, "Minnebrieven," a peculiar and unique work in its form and contents, where the poet's genius manifests itself in all its force and in all its beauty. It is a book of great love and of great hatred (written by a god or by a demon as he said himself), a panorama of the human soul manifested in its multiple effects and sensations. It is a marriage of accents as sweet and bewitching as the nightingale song, and of war hymns as impetuous and passionate as a

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FREEDOM

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L. RAYMOND HARRY KELLY

M. JAGENDORF

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Somewhat Personal—

Voltairine De Cleyre was fond of telling a story of Dyer D. Lum who when reproached for using words beyond the comprehension of the ordinary worker answered: "You can't discuss philosophical questions in unphilosophical language."

"Comrade Kelly. It is shocking and not to say the least disgusting that one who is otherwise sane can be so insane as to ask for money to commemorate the dead.

"In the sixth number of FREEDOM is an appeal signed by you in behalf of a fund which is to be used to bury Errico Malatesta in fitting manner as becomes a good and loyal serviceman in the cause of human freedom.

"This smacks of the sheerest form of folly and utter nonsense, when so many things are calling for living action you come along with appeal for the dead.

"The comrades who think such an attitude 'superstitious and should be frowned upon,' might have added that such an attitude smacks of the lack of the first principles of Anarchism, (to wit, that the dead can bury the dead) the living first—and that if a man needs a grave yard as a living reminder that he lived and died for ideals then it were best he be forgotten.

"Is it possible the sign of age is telling up you?

"I may be forgiven for my personal attack, but as long as I'm asked to give for the cause of keeping up the paper, I'm taking the opportunity to protest at your asinine appeal.

"Will you kindly give this letter of mine space.

"I've twice given money for the paper and will do what I can from time to time both morally and in a material way.

"P.S. There is a note of Hero worship in your appeal for E. M., I'm sure that this would not be done for any Tom, Dick or Harry. I expect that you will print the parts of my letter in full, which are for the paper." Signed, Louis Leo Kramer, San Francisco, California.

One could hardly, it seems to me, expect a man writing such an emotional letter to use unemotional language, could one?

Of course my appeal was a purely personal one and had nothing to do with the FREEDOM group. It brought in less than a hundred dollars but an appeal signed by Italian comrades brought nearly two hundred dollars more, and the bones of our old comrade, E. M., will not lie under a cross* after all but will rest in a place where it will be possible for some of us to call and drop a flower some day.

**A small photograph came to hand recently from Rome showing the grave with a cross over it as is the custom with all bodies buried in Potters Field in Italy.*

The Monkey Glands of Capitalism

By SOPHIE FAGIN

Adolph Hitler, formerly a painter of houses, assumes today the role of dictator and demigod of millions of Germans. It is not the purpose of this article to analyze his stupendous ascent. We can merely comment on its results:

One percent of Germany's sixty-million population is composed of Jews. This one percent is being made the butt of persecution, astonishingly medieval in its tactics. Why? The chief of the brown shirts himself answers this query with an onslaught of fantastic condemnations: The Jews were the initiators of the World War; the Jews are responsible for the contempt in which Germany was held; etc., etc.

And Yiddish people the world over reply with their traditional mode of tears and pleas for their fellow Jews in Germany.

We, however, who have learned through history, that, as conventional detective mysteries depend for their solution on the axiom of "Cherchez la femme," every political controversy offers the implication of "Cherchez la cause economique." And when we attempt to trace back to the cause of the persecutions in Germany, we find this situation:

Every politician seeking office employs attractive slogans and lavish promises. Our own Honorable Herbert Hoover is noted for his catch-phrase of a "chicken in every pot; two cars in every garage." Herr Adolph Hitler won to his side vast armies of the unemployed and the college youth of Germany by the heroic vaunt that he would, after the election, offer them employment and security. Followed the election and the Nazi victory. The hour of reckoning was at hand—how could the promises be met?

It is well known that the meager one percent that composes the Jewish population of Germany, controls not only one, but a much higher percentage of the employment in Germany. He dare not reveal the fact that the existence of capitalism depends on the discomfort of vast armies of unemployed; that when capitalism is tottering it must be supported by the pernicious props of fascism. He cannot do this—but with certain shrewdness, the former ignorant tradesman has figured that it is possible to divide the present small number of jobs among a *different* group of people. The professional and the "working" class Jews must be ousted from their positions in order to meet the demands of his own followers.

It is not difficult for a man like Hitler to arouse the emotions of blind and desperate masses. They are not unwilling to impress themselves with their own superiority by inaugurating a reign of terror, bigotry, and hate. The German youth glories in the Nazi uniforms, it makes them look important, and they will worship the leader who guides their campaigns. Hence, by combining national prejudice, ignorance, and economic necessity, Hitlerism has produced the pogroms and persecutions at which the whole world waxes indignant and cries in protest.

And it is not only national differences that incur the vicious reactions of the brown shirt dictator. 100,000 is but a conservative estimate of the number of people in the jails of Germany—not members of the Jewish race, but merely holders of unorthodox political opinion. Rudolf Rocker (non-Jew) for instance, one of the finest intellectuals and an enemy against all forms of oppression, is forced to flee to escape persecution!

Thus it is clear that protests against persecution of Jews cannot be isolated from the protests against the system that perpetrates these and other injustices. The pogroms are but part and parcel of this attempt to prolong a society that is tottering in its painful senility. Capitalism has had to equip itself with the menacing monkey glands of Fascism in order to survive.

Our struggle against persecution, our struggles against unemployment, our struggles against Capitalism and Fascism are one. Let us not divide our strength in puny protest merely against anti-Jewish terrorism, but join in solidarity, in a united effort for the building of a society free from oppression, bigotry and injustice.

Impressions of Chicago

By ALEXANDER PECK

A mild but biting frost with the tang of spring slipped ahead of the dawn—and the rumor of a moratorium, spreading like wildfire, brought old and young to the gates of the Loop banks and filled the safety deposit vaults with millions in gold and currency. What a moving, living drama, full of the humor and tragedy of reality—all for the sake of the maintenance of life and a medium of exchange. Had a Galsworthy or a Bernard Shaw ever taken the trouble to descend to a safety deposit vault in a time of panic he would no doubt have given the world a picture to be remembered.

The morning following the run on the banks all the papers contained a "true statement" issued by Governor Horner of Illinois to the effect that there would be *no moratorium* in this state; yet that morning and afternoon I witnessed still greater panic-stricken withdrawals from the five Loop banks. The next morning came another proclamation from the same Governor *declaring a moratorium* in the State of Illinois.

Saturday morning a mild breeze swayed the naked branches of the young trees in Grant Park, where twenty thousand unemployed were gathered after a march through the Loop as a prelude to the inauguration of President Roosevelt. With clenched fists they demanded Work, Bread, Shelter and a Right to live, and Freedom for Tom Mooney. The very air crackled with hurrahs when the thousands of throats applauded the various speakers. Beneath this demonstration lay the spectre of hunger, the want of food and life. . . . A clutching fear took possession of me: Here is the start of the revolution—these men and women, who can stop them from letting loose their wrath? . . . Ragged, with heads bowed, faces full of anger, with no place to go, they disbanded; eyes bleak, wondering—where? . . . A physical sickness and anguish gripped me; I hated them, these erstwhile "heroes of the hour." My hope was shattered—would these bedraggled earthworms—slimy brood—ever have the courage to grasp the sparkling cup of life?

On Monday Cermak, late Mayor of Chicago, arrived dead as a doornail. "Split personalities" lined the streets to view the closed casket; "honest" men and women, who lie, cheat, even steal all the time, were allowed the next day to file past an open casket to view his body—just as at the Kremlin our stepbrothers religiously view Lenin's body.

Chicago is at peace again, the banks are open, I meet the very same bedraggled ones who just awhile ago were shouting defiance to all that is "rich and rotten." With a smile and a sparkle in their eyes they say, "Better times are coming. Roosevelt means business. He will bring prosperity back to us." . . . A sickening nausea fills me. I think of Emil Zola's *Germinal* and his miners; of the eleventh of November, 1887; of Brutus who came "not to praise Caesar, but to bury him"; . . . "Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master of things."

The Theatre

By M. Jagendorf

A Protest

When you see "Both Your Houses," which you should, you will understand why it was castor oil and cyanide to the New York critics. Few people can stand the truth, least of all good money-grubbing Babbits. And this play tells the truth. Wholly unadorned save for a little satirical humor that brings but a wry smile. It tells how our blessed lawmakers work only to satisfy their own greed; it shows how the masses are pressed dry until they are emptier than chaff and it shows how our government reeks with graft and cruel politics. Above all it tells of the incredible indifference of the average individual to this thievery and oppression.

Maxwell Anderson who wrote the play is a fine craftsman. He knows politics and government and how "she is run." He has written a well-knit story, moving along smoothly and interestingly with big acting moments, often in a pleasant satirical vein. The action takes place in Washington in the office of the Appropriations Committee. A juicy pork barrel is under consideration and the only thing that holds back the blood suckers is that the President wants it pruned—well pruned. But alas! to prune it cuts the graft and there's the rub. Solomon Fitzmaurice, beautifully acted by Walter Kelly, wants the navy at his very bathhouse, so he can sell liquor to the Gobs. Another good parasite wants an appropriation for two useless and murdering battle ships so the steel crowd may get theirs, and so forth. All are howling like hyenas to filch and rob.

Into that crowd of leeches comes Alan McClean, a western school teacher who is honest. That is all. He tries to fight the crowd and their robbing and finally resorts even to aiding them in the hope of averting the monstrous legal robbery. And even though the bill is the worst bit of open grafting that has ever come along, it passes. Yet McClean is not defeated. He goes forth threatening that the new order, the new thought amongst the masses, their awakening will destroy these thieves and their system.

This short resumé of the action does not really do justice to the play. There is much more to it. There are splendidly drawn characters and numerous meaty lines besides; all of which makes it as fine and serious a piece of work as has been done by any American. The staging and acting are excellent. You couldn't ask much more of a play.

Animate Words

The first impression of the Cherry Orchard by Chekov is words! words! words! But very soon you realize that in this maze of words there squirm about real human beings depicted with consummate skill. So real are they that their whining misery and pitiful helplessness become positively painful. You cannot help but be touched by that impoverished aristocrtaic family of old Russia and their faithful cringing slavies. Not only do you hear the heart beats and see the souls of these people, but the heart beat and soul of the Russian soil as well. How the earth seeps into the thoughts and acts of daily existence; the hold the estate and the Cherry Orchard have on those raised on it.

The story depicts the never ending battle between the old and the new. You see the inevitable destruction of decadent customs and people by the young, fresh-blooded generation. You see youth sweeping away the cobwebs of mushy decay and screeching moral rust. The estate with the cherry orchard has been squandered by wastrels and when the action of the play opens, it is finally dwindling away rapidly under mismanagement. Even the realization of incompetency on the part of the owners cannot stay the destruction. Alongside of this harrowing spectacle you see the growth and strength of Semyonov's son whose parents were serfs,—slaves,—on the estate. In the end the cherry orchard is auctioned off and purchased by Semyonov to be broken up into building lots.

The story is almost incidental in this powerful and moving drama. What is of vital, tense interest is the human beings who enact it. Their emotions and lives are drama. It is these qualities which make "The Cherry Orchard" a great play. The last scene of the abandoned house with its stark walls; its furniture gone; the blinds closed and the old servant tottering to his final rest on the couch is too poignant for expression.

All characters from the old servant up are real beings, not puppets set on a stage. Allah Nazimova in the lead is perfect. Who, after all, could play such a part but a Russian? Altogether it is one of the memorable performances of the Civic Repertory Theatre and one of the plays to be seen at least once.

REVOLUTIONISTS AND INQUISITORS

(*Continued from page* 2)

mountains, battling the reactionary forces until they were overcome but not conquered; the workers of Murcia battled on the streets like gladiators; the miners of Sallent fought like lions and, for the second time in a year, proclaimed Libertarian Communism; the libertarian youth of Valencia fought the Government's forces; the daring Anarchist groups of Barcelona had the police and soldiers disorganized for days; the Aragonese comrades stopped all communications between the reactionary forces, thus helping their comrades in the battle for "Land and Freedom," and prevented the reactionaries from entering or leaving the town.

More than twenty towns practised Libertarian Communism for over a week during the revolutionary uprising of January, 1933.

It was the peasants who revolted, took things into their own hands, took possession of the land and worked it in common. In several towns the City Hall was captured, all papers burned and the red and black flag flown at the City Hall's masthead. The barracks of the constabulary were captured, the guard disarmed but unhurt and their families and themselves protected from danger. The revolutionists were fighting for freedom; *they wanted the land for everybody, and free men to work it.* They found money here and there, but did not take it; they took only arms and axes and what they needed to defend themselves with, and went on with their battles. They knew that some of their comrades had been arrested, imprisoned, and badly beaten up, yet these rude peasants showed only kindness and human understanding toward their murderous enemies, disarming them and leaving them unmolested. But when the Inquisitors of Spain got the upper hand what they did was comparable only with the crimes of the eighteenth century Inquisition.

The world already knows the tragic epic of Casas Viejas [Described in another article in this issue—Editor] where many comrades, men, women and children, barricaded in one shack, were burned alive by the Guard. It is an heroic page written in revolutionary blood. These comrades will not be forgotten. Their fatherless and motherless children have already been adopted by comrades in all parts of Spain. They are the children of freedom—welcome in Anarchist homes.

When the shack at Casas Viejas was in flames, a young girl, a child in her teens, came out, her clothing and her hair aflame, her hands up, thinking perhaps that the murderous Civil Guard would not murder her—but twenty bullets pierced her in as many seconds, and she fell in the flames beside her mother and father and their comrades who had already been reduced to ashes. . . . Such is the behavior of barbarians.

Comrade Marie Silva, "La Libertaria" (The Libertarian) to her comrades, suffered a fate scarcely less terrible. Her father, grandfather, four uncles, and the rest of her family were murdered in cold blood, shot in the back, beaten and reduced to ashes. She herself was arrested and beaten and thrown into a dark dungeon where sadist cowards tried to rape her. Defenseless, half-conscious from misery, suffering and pain, "La Libertaria" was still able to gather strength enough to spit in the faces of these beasts, to fight and kick them and refuse to give in. Who do you think these beasts were?—None but the warden and the prison director. Would you think it possible in a *Socialist*—I mean social-fascist—Republic? Would you?

The Spanish prisons are full to capacity with revolutionists, dreamers all of a more humane tomorrow. The local headquarters of unions have been ransacked and comrades found there beaten, imprisoned, or murdered on the spot. Yet with all these oppressive measures the Government is unable to prevent the peasants from taking the land and working it in common. In one village, Mormentelos, the peasants visited a wealthy preacher, forced him to burn the deeds to his estate and turn his house and property over to them to work in common. He gave up everything and left the country with no intention of returning. His brother preachers had better follow suit, for the time is coming when they may have to leave in a hurry.

A group of intellectuals is gathering data to reveal the atrocities of the Spanish Government to the civilized world. Those interested in knowing the truth should write to: Agrupacion Pro Cultura "Faros," Avenida de Mistral, No. 17, Barcelona, Spain.

I have before me an appeal from the Spanish revolutionists to the free men and women of the world. Three thousand pesetas ($240) have already been collected for the victims of the socialist dictatorship. Comrades! let us help the heroic peasants of Andalucia and Valencia, the valiant workers of Catalonia, the Canary Islands, Castille, all the revolutionary workers of Spain, victims of the social-fascist dictatorship. Solidarity! Let us stand together and give wide publicity to this appeal, and if possible help financially. The Spanish Revolution will be the dawn of a new civilization. Let us help!

Forrest Bailey

In the passing of Forrest Bailey, co-director of the American Civil Liberties Union, the cause of freedom lost a valiant champion and some of us a dear friend. Although not calling himself an anarchist, many a radical and revolutionist benefited by his devotion to the cause of free speech, free press and free assembly. A tireless worker and an intelligent defender of the underdog, his passing has left a gap hard to fill and members of every radical group mourn his loss.

MULTATULI—AN ANARCHIST SEER

(*Continued from page 3*)

hurricane. Bitterness, nostalgia, hatred, anger, irony, scorn, power, beauty, courage, blood, tears—all these things find themselves melted into this magnificent picture, these strange love letters exchanged between three persons—Max, Tina and Fancy—the most precious ever written by any one.

Max, the young Siegfried with a Titanic courage, who does not let himself be impressed by old traditions and backward theories, Max who has only one slogan, "First will-power, then strength and finally victory," is the writer himself, Multatuli the fighter, rebel, Anarchist. Tina is the companion who lived at his side in the hard times of the Indies. And Fancy, the admirable Fancy to whom Max addresses his letters which defy all analysis, is the poet's soul —this sovereign, deep, heroic soul spotted with blood, assaulted, stamped upon in this world where laws are made by the Drogstoffels for whom coffee and hypocrisy are the only laws of life. Against this accursed race, heroism is of no avail. The Drogstoffels live in the dirt of life, in the manure pile of history; they prick their opponent with small sharp thorns, hurt him in covering him with mud and chasing him with the weapon of calumny. There is no sword to destroy them, what is required is to break the windows so as to let the pure air rush into the room . . .

"Do you see the sun, Fancy? Or are you yourself the sun? Are you the earth center which draws everything? Then every drop of rain is a message coming from you! Then every lightning that tears up the cloud, every stroke of thunder is a love letter—to you, yes, to you. Yes, yes, I throw this letter in the street so that the passer-by believes he can appropriate it to himself by payment of a penny a page . . . but he fools himself: the thunder will burn his fingers. . . ."

But Fancy suffers, she cannot live in the small world; she needs light, air and freedom. And Max addresses to her his admirable tales on the origin of authority. With the cruel truths that form the contents of these brief little stories, others have composed whole libraries.

The love letters plainly reflect the inner struggle undergone by Multatuli and the greatness of his character. It is the tragedy of a human genius. But it will not always be that way, for in the last letter is the triumphant paean of the brilliant future: "First will-power, then strength and finally victory."

His Poverty

It must be noticed that Multatuli, whose situation was most precarious, wrote this book in order to help a destitute family. This "individualist" was always ready to give his last piece of bread to somebody. The same man who, in 1861, wrote the love letters, an "immoral" book, published in 1862 in three Amsterdam papers the following advertisement:

> "I herewith bring to the knowledge of the Dutch people that I have on hand a letter by which a person threatens me to force the sale of my properties. All my properties include my clothes and my children. I do not own anything else. And this, for your shame, O Hollanders, and not for mine.
>
> —Edward Douwes Dekker."

These few words are a revealing document, a dreadful accusation against the society of Drogstoffel and Co.

These love letters comprise not only one of the most original books in universal literature, but one of the most revolutionary books ever written. In the attacks by the genial and rebellious writer on the cruelties of the Dutch colonial governors, we instinctively discern a vigorous protest against all injustices of modern society.

It is impossible to depict all the sensations produced by this book. With one single word, the author, with lightning swiftness, starts a great fire in the darkest corner of the human soul. In the same way as the demon Asmodea, in "The Crippled Devil," raises all of the roofs in Madrid in order to show Zambullo, the student, the occult tragedies which take place between the four walls of a dwelling, Multatuli tears away the blankets from human customs and institutions and shows them in their true light.

War on Society

"My profession consists in tearing down all that is old," said Multatuli about himself, and he kept his word. All his life's work was a great act of revolt, a daring declaration of war on society, and in his love letters are found the deepest and most fervent pages dictated to him by his attitude.

This work provoked a real revolution in Holland. The Drogstoffels of all parties and tendencies lost their phlegm and went shouting that Multatuli wanted to destroy the tablets of antique moral and established order. The truth is, no one among them was able to grasp the book's meaning, the object of their clamors, but their instinct told them it was the condemnation, by a thinker and an artist of genius, of their limited world without horizon.

In one of The Hague's newspapers—one of the most widely circulated periodicals of the time—we find the following appreciation of the love letters:

"A modern Erostrate is born to us and that is the cult of one-ownself by Multatuli. He attacks all that man holds dear and precious. He preaches the worst immoral doctrines. All that the nation learns to love and to respect, he treads under his feet. He denies God's existence, the Old Testament and the Evangelists. He does not believe in the existence of the soul nor in immortality, and knows only his one-ownself as sole divinity."

His Last Great Work

Though living in great need, Multatuli still made some literary attempts until the time he started to write his great work, "Idëen" ("Ideas"). [Just after "Max Havelaar," Multatuli had published a small work, "Daily Impressions." In 1871 appeared his "Thousand and One Chapters on Specialties"; in 1872 his "Millionesk Essays," etc. In 1878 one of his dramatic pieces, "The School of Princesses," was played with success. Between times, he was forced to resign as editor of *Het Noorden*, the readers of that paper understanding nothing of his prose.] In a letter to his editor, Multatuli explained his intention:

"Let it not be said that no one ever wanted to free the masses from the evil that weighs on them: let it not be said that no one had courage enough to attack the immense burden from which the masses suffer: It is a lie! . . . I beg you to be willing to edit the work I have decided to publish. I intend to make reflections on truth. It is my program, my unique program. I shall insert in my work some information, stories, anecdotes, parables, reports, memories, news, prophesies, paradoxes. . . . I shall give it the title—'Ideas,' and nothing else, and its slogan will be 'a sower who came out to sow.'"

"Ideas" is a work of great extensiveness, an energetic assault against all institutions of modern society. In a few lines, the genial Dutchman formulates the deepest truths. He makes exceptions for no one and in vibrating terms announces the good news of the new-man's sacred love and eternal beauty, "who until now has not been discovered." And soon, he stopped to write the marvellous story of "the little Voltaire," in which he studies the childish soul with such mastery that his most maddened opponents had to bow to his genius.

The seventh and last tome of "Ideas" appeared in 1877. These books were the product of the pen of a man who had suffered in superhuman fashion. He was a seer who perceived a marvellous land of beauty and freedom and, to punish him for it, the Drogstoffels took away from him the last crust of bread. . . . At the end of his existence, however, a friend gave him the opportunity to take a little rest. He died in 1886 in a small German village.

REBELS *and* RENEGADES

Rebels and Renegades, by Max Nomad. Macmillan, New York. 1932.

Among the eight men discussed in this book, "one name, however, belongs neither among the dead nor among the fading survivals. Its bearer stands out alone, towering mountain high above the rest—the living romance and tragedy of Anarchism. That man is Errico Malatesta, upon whose shoulders fell the mantle of the prophet after the death of Peter Kropotkin." The author does not hesitate to point out the Anarchists in France and Italy who have turned traitor, or to prove what we all know: that we are a disorganized ineffective minority of a minority. He however shows by studying Briand, Scheidemann, MacDonald, Trotsky, Mussolini, Pilsudski and Wm. Z. Foster that no hope can be expected from these men and their kind; that they are weakened by love of power, selfishness and instability of character—Malatesta therefore by contrast with the following statement is the guiding star leading towards that Future which he never sold for a mess of pottage: "Along with the flame of revolt, a fire less sacred burns in the heart of the leader—the lust for power and its material rewards. . . . Having achieved recognition, influence. or power. the apostles of yesterday become apostates, the tribunes turn traitors, and the rebels—renegades."

Throughout the book it is shown that inequality of income, "power for the intellectuals and hope for the workers," is an essential part of past, present and future societies; that it is foolish to expect a bureaucracy in Russia or any other country to give up voluntarily this higher income, and that until we all can have a higher education there will be no "new page in human history." The author brings out the little known fact of Bebel's admitting that socialist journalists would go over to the other side if their pay were reduced. The theories of the Polish comrade Waclaw Michstski are very interesting. The author feels that wholesale robbery as performed by Russian and Polish revolutionists to fill their party treasure chest is not so corrupting as are Tammany Hall Socialist politicians, quoting The New Republic's phrasing of this fact.

Malatesta's refusal to negate the essence of Anarchist principles by trying to force his ideas upon Italy, when as the most popular leader after the war, he could have done so; his unselfishness in giving his inherited houses to the tenants; his being one of the few Anarchists who did not support the World War; along with the fact, not given by the author, that Malatesta made a living by his trade and would not become a leech on the movement, shows what the author refers to here: "There is much of primitive Christianity in the generous naivete of the Anar-

chist gospel." While admiring Malatesta and know-the pitfalls of all of the other radical programs, granting the idealism of Anarchism, the author yet holds that it is "as effective a revolutionary weapon against the existing system as the tomahawk of an Indian brave against a tank."

Briand, the former advocate of the General Strike, finally caused those railway men who followed his advice to be shot down by troops. Scheidemann, who has been condemned even by American Socialists, appears to honestly follow his convictions based on his conception of "class-consciousness" which means, as it means to Socialist politicians everywhere, "voting the Socialist ticket, paying party and union dues." His betrayal of the Revolution goes hand in hand with his insulting of the Kaiser, his refusal to sign the ignominious Peace Treaty, and his present retirement from politics. Whether this last is the act of a "tired radical" or the result of a guilty conscience is difficult to determine.

MacDonald, known in this country as an opponent of the World War, is shown as favoring the war "if the nation's honor were in danger." He will remain the classic example in history of the love of power wrecking a man of hitherto proven character. Pilsudski was supported first by the Communist Party of Poland, as Mussolini was hailed by the moderate Socialists of Italy, who hoped to get part of the spoils of office. Pilsudski's former success as a brigand for the party stood him in excellent favor in robbing the national treasury for himself. Mussolini, the former Socialist editor—once an advocate of Anarchism—did not support the Tripolitan war, even tried to derail trains carrying troops to the front. His history as a dictator is well known.

Trotsky is dealt with sympathetically; it is shown that the very points which caused his banishment have been a part of the program of Stalin. The author speaks of his "Banquo's Ghost" being the murder of the Kronstadt sailors who called for the very policies which Trotsky had proclaimed a year before. Trotsky's lack of human sympathy; his decisive military mind, caused him to commit this murder, which as much as anything else caused his disfavor with the people of Russia. The bureaucracy of Russia and Trotsky's desire to crush the trade unions and make them an adjunct to the State are shown in detail.

One would perhaps wonder why Foster is included in this group of Rebels and Renegades; perhaps it is because he is typical of both, and because there is no other living radical in the United States who has had the actual experience in the labor and radical movements that he has had. The intimate history of the different Communist groups is well told. From his selling of Liberty Bonds during the war to his change on dual unionism, after orders from Moscow, Foster's interesting history is described.

Whoever Max Nomad is, he has an intelligent grasp of the world revolutionary movement. It is to be hoped that he will continue to develop his criticism and his philosophy. While his tendency in showing that power depraves men is truly anarchistic, one cannot blame him for seeing little hope for the present growth of the Anarchist movement when words and hopes of immediate success replace deeds and characters such as those of Malatesta. The time is at hand to revalue our ideals; to decide if the politicians may carry the world into the abyss of despair. One Anarchist of the type of Tolstoi, Thoreau or Malatesta, at this time, is of inestimable worth in bringing courage, faith and power — for the methods of inequality backed by force have failed. The times present a challenge; the idea of a Federation of Anarchists is perhaps an answer.

Ammon A. Hennacy

THE GERMAN SITUATION

*By A CORRESPONDENT**

Viewed from the outside the German situation in all its phases seems incomprehensible. There is therefore universal amazement that a country which boasted of the greatest organized labor movement in the world, with quite a long historic past, should have allowed itself, without any resistance, to be vanquished and brought to its knees, without having made the slighest attempt to stay the course of imminent peril.

The series of events in Germany at present is the inevitable sequel or consequence of the ill-begotten First Revolution. A year after the political upheaval of 1918 a bourgeois democratic publication, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, was already commenting that nowhere in the history of Europe had there been a revolution so anemic in ideology, so devoid of revolutionary spirit as the November revolution in Germany. Actually it can scarcely be considered a revolution at all. A revolution occurs through the irresistible force of an enthralled people yearning to shake off their chains. In Germany, however, the revolution of November, 1918, was thrust upon the people by outside forces upon the ultimatum given by the Allies to the German people that no peace terms would be negotiated with the Hohenzollerns.

The overthrow of the dynasty therefore became a condition for the cessation of the War; force of circumstances determined events, not the impulses of the people. Even the leadership of German Social Democracy exerted every effort against any too radical measures and on the eve of November 9th the *Forwärts* declared that Germany was not yet ripe for a republic.

Undoubtedly there were in Germany a goodly number of upright and determined revolutionists who endeavored to drive the thing forward in order to give the revolution a broader base, but they were an insignificant minority and in no way in a position to counteract the time-honored education which the German working class had imbibed or to stir the millions of organized labor and the Social Democratic party. It has never been so clear as here that in revolutionary movements it is the spirit which permeates the great masses that amounts to more than organization. An organization without revolutionary spirit, the "élan vital" of revolution, without initiative, is merely a fictitious and imaginary power which disintegrates the moment it is put to the acid test. This was actually the case in Germany. Without any revolutionary traditions worth mentioning the working class, though organized, had learned no methods other than parliamentary action and reform politics, and had thought no others necessary.

Even universal franchise, which in France and other countries had had to be fought for, came to the German people as a gift and a favor from Bismarck, as it were.

A view of Germany as the most Marxian country has prevailed throughout the world, and the barbaric terror of the newly-crowned masters against "Marxism" has even intensified this assumption. In reality things are very different; the political structure of the labor movement in Germany has been much more influenced by Lassalle than by Marx, who maintained that the acquisition of political power is the very first step toward the realization of Socialism and contended at the same time that the new State must vanish as soon as it has accomplished the abolition of classes to make room for a governmentless society. This is a fallacious proposition, and ample proof is present day U.S.S.R. where it is the very State which creates monopoly and class rule. Lassalle was a fanatical defender of the State Idea, ready to sacrifice on its altar every and any personal independence. The German Socialists inherited from him their blind faith in the State and their antilibertarian tendency.

From Marx the German workers simply took over economic determinism as the invulnerable power of the economic system, which, like every other sort of fatalism, paralyzes the *will* and makes every attemt at initiative difficult. Such training necessarily made itself felt at the outbreak of the revolution in November, 1918. It was Germany's misfortune to fall under the leadership of a semi-feudal, cultureless Military State such as Prussia, her cultural pillars the Junkers—ever the center of social and political reaction—Germany's curse. It should have been the task of the revolution to break, once and for all, the power of the Junkers in order to insure the political safety of future Germany. But this could have happened only if Junkerdom had been completely deprived of the source of its political influence—the land. The bourgeois rebels of the French Revolution understood this very well. They broke down the power of the Aristocracy by expropriating the land; the German Socialists alone did not think of such measures, did not even see their necessity, so that today a half-starved people is forced to pay annually many millions to these parasites, while the masses keep sinking deeper and deeper in their agony.

Such "moderation" must necessarily be avenged. The Prussian Junkers had lost, through their defeat in the War, their political power, and were not in a position to win it back by their own strength alone. The great captains of industry, too, had been hard hit, although they retrieved millions in gifts and grants from the Republican State. In order to completely regain power a strength of a different nature was needed, theretofore unknown in Germany. This was National Socialism, the German prototype of fascism. The fascist reaction differs from other types of reaction in that it does not rely solely on the power of the state as a means to its end but also uses the democratic agency of the mass movement to dig its roots deep into the people themselves.

The people, ground down by the war, the inflation, the rationalization of industry and economics and by desperate unemployment, had little by little given up all hope for a turn of events. Social Democracy bent its knee to the control and protection of the Catholic Centrist party and was forced to do in the Reich everything this party dictated so as to remain in the coalition government of Prussia. Thus the "aims of the revolution" became a party deal unable to appease the hungry millions. Republican officialdom grew to greater proportions than in the time of Kaiserdom. The people were given a constitution, but no alleviation of their great distress.

In addition there raged the bitter struggle between the Communists and the Social Democrats, which robbed the masses of every vestige of faith in these movements. It was during this period of struggle that the propaganda of the National Socialists flourished and was given the aid, and supported by the gold of the landlords and captains of industry. The new movement, growing up around Hitler, pledged to the starving people an end to their suffering. It directed its appeals to the lowest instincts of man and made use of every means of

*For obvious reasons we cannot print the name of the writer of this article.

widespread publicity for the realization of the Third Reich. In normal times it would have had little chance of success, but in a period of such frightful economic depression and mass suffering as defies description the seeds of fascism found fertile ground. The ruined middle class and small peasant were caught in the maelstrom of the new movement and placed in it implicit faith. All *civil* parties were soon shattered, only the Centrist Party being able to resist the movement since it had, through the Catholic priesthood, a good, thoroughly tested machine for propaganda which exerted an enormous influence on the Catholic population.

But great strata of the labor movement too had been drawn into that stream, the so-called belligerent group particularly consisting exclusively of workers. The movement had at its command great means and had secured for the Brown Shirts a certain existence, which in the face of the deep despair had irresistible power. It developed to the point of a political religion and served as a mighty *psychic, hypnotic force* for the desperate masses. In a time of universal distress human beings become believers in miracles and ordinary common sense loses its hold. Such was the case here. The entire propaganda of National Socialism was aimed at the masses. One looks vainly for a clear idea in the speeches of Hitler. Every word of his aims to dislodge his opponents and is calculated to stir up the emotions of the masses to primitive passion. The women particularly yield to the influences of this dementia. All those whose existence had lost security, the erstwhile officers of the Kaiser's army and the crude peasants, flocked to the movement en masse and organized the massacres of innumerable workers. Each and every day brought with it a new fight. The workers rose here and there against this reign of violence, but theirs was not an organized struggle, rather individual acts that were impotent against the ever-growing peril. It is inconceivable that no attempt of any sort should have been made by the workers to crush the monster. For years and years terror in town and country reigned and grew day by day. Any rational being must admit that no longer could such a situation be overcome by parliamentary procedure, yet ever and anon organized labor was comforted, thinking that at the next election all accounts would be settled.

The so-called Republic had for a long time been such in name only. The fact was that none other than the most outspoken monarchist and militarist—Hindenburg—could be agreed upon as presidential candidate, from the so-called republican parties to the Social Democrats. This is sufficient proof of the character of the Republic. In the Bruening government the so-called parliamentary system practically ceased to exist. The Government made use of emergency measures only when it did away with the support of the Social Democrats, the power of the constitution of Weimar, when it continually persuaded its followers to accept a lesser evil rather than a greater. In the meantime fascism was nurtured and strengthened. The reactionaries of all shades understood perfectly that there was nothing to be feared from the organized workers. The Communists supported the fascists in the various parliaments, whenever questions were put to a vote, and the Social Democrats voted for every one of Bruening's reactionary measures, believing it a good way to keep Hitler out of power.

During the chancellorship of von Papen the Socialists once more failed to do anything direct and decisive, . . . and any insignificant "retreat" on the part of the Nazis was regarded as the beginning of their breakdown. Meanwhile the cohorts of Hugenberg, von Papen and Hindenburg and the monarchists were paving the way for Hitler as a battering ram, knowing that Hitler would be little but a tool in their hands.

But Hugenberg, von Papen and their ilk, staunch defenders of private capital, had seen certain danger in some of Hitler's propaganda, particularly his harangue about socialization of big enterprises, etc., and the best way out seemed to be to grant new elections, something which they really had sought to avoid. For the Hitlerites more important by far than the elections was the precious time preceding them during which the Nazis feverishly prepared the ground for the big day. Even during those turbulent days the Socialists and Communists found no more important activity than campaigning for their candidates.

The results of all that defy description. The whole world knows of the indescribable terror of the Storm Troops, the wholesale murder and arrests, pillaging and looting of private and public places, stifling of press and opinion and all the rest of their barbarisms . . . out of over one hundred Social-Democratic dailies only seven saw the light on the day before election; of the Communist press not one. But all this was mere preparation for the mighty cannon shot. In addition to everything else came the burning of the Reichstag building—which they tried to pin on the Communists, who had everything to lose and nothing to gain from throwing the country into such a horrible panic as this did; it was merely the last scene before election staged in order to cause consternation in the public mind and to bring to the fore the fanatical "national rejuvenation" and make all demoniacal reprisals seem justified.

Like veritable vandals the Nazis, on the morrow of the conflagration, in the workingmen's quarters of Koln and other cities, started their bloody terror, not sparing even helpless women and children whose shrieks and outcries of agony rent the sky . . . the beasts in brown shirts, according to reliable figures, murdered several hundred on that day and threw into dungeons and "enemy" camps about a hundred thousand, among them innumerable "Marxists"; streams and rivers over the land were filled with countless corpses. Those who lived to tell the tales of gripping horror, after they somehow or other were left alive, though maimed, bruised and crippled by the brown bandits, stated that the beasts would not do them the favor of killing them when torture and sadism seemed more feasible.

In comparison with Mussolini, who was after all a Socialist for years and who is something of a personality, Hitler is mentally a nonentity, a creature who knows next to nothing of anything but the art of appealing to the depraved emotions of a mob. Therein lies the gravest danger, because in times like these it becomes possible for a Hitler and his bandits to become a social catastrophe. . . .

Then, too, Hitler's racial hatreds and his fanatical anti-Semitism make him quite different from his Italian "comrade"; in these respects he surpasses all his predecessors and his contemporaries in Germany. His madness along these lines is a nefarious monstrosity . . . and he has already carried that madness to a point where a whole nation descends to the lowest level of *Unculture* and revives the cave man.

How long Hitler will last there is no telling, since he, like his political forerunners, knows no way out of the economic chaos of the country; especially will he be impotent as regards the great contrast that exists between agriculture and industry, a contrast much more striking in Germany than in any other country. It is likely, however, that the present situation may persist for some time since no resistance worth mentioning can thus far be felt. . . . The people as well as the workers seem to have made "peace" with the current tendency.

As to the Anarcho-Syndicalist elements, what boots it to relate the details: confiscation, devastation, padlocks, imprisonment, etc. . . .

The victory of the Brown Shirts is not merely of significance in Germany but is far-reaching in its effects throughout Europe. It indicates that the tides of reaction keep rising and threaten to extinguish every spark of freedom. All the achievements in cultural development of the past one hundred and fifty years are in imminent danger, . . . an abysmal relapse, a return to barbarism is quite apparent, . . . and the more so because the libertarian elements in those countries where fascism has as yet not raised its head are doing very little to avert such a catastrophe as has struck Germany. The dictatorship ideology, engendered by the Bolsheviks, has gained fresh impetus—and it must be combatted relentlessly. Belief in the State and in Power must be vehemently counteracted by incessant rousing of the natural instinct for liberty. . . . The masses must ever and anon be taught and convinced that their future lies in their own hands and that they must indefatigably forge ahead in their struggle for liberation.

—Translated from the German by Abe Grosner

A Daughter of the Soil Speaks Her Mind

By JO ANN WHEELER

In the last issue of *The Vanguard* (a radical student publication) the young editors display the usual urban ignorance of the psychology of the man who tills the soil. In speaking of the farm problem, they declare "only the social revolution will bring its final solution . . . communization of the lands for the maximum consumption of farmer and the working class." Let's hope it's not the maximum consumption Russia appears to be enjoying as a result of her efforts to communize the land. There is a peculiar relationship between a farmer and the land he tills which those who are so out of touch with mother earth are incapable of understanding. If city workers intend to make common cause with the farmer in their struggle against capitalism they must give up their attempts to force him into the same mold as themselves and recognize his inherent individualism. City and country are two different worlds and always will be.

I challenge anyone to point to a city, past or present, which has not rested on a foundation of human drudgery. Every city necessitates a vast amount of important but extremely unpleasant toil. I have read of no Utopia which completely abolishes such labor, for whether it is carried on for two hours or sixteen, labor is still labor. A life based on arts and crafts, . . . the creation of the simple necessities of life with our own hands . . . has far less excuse for boredom and discontent than one which provides for two hours of work and twenty-two of idleness. *(Reprinted from "Mother Earth")*

Spend Your Week-ends at Stelton

BROOKWOOD LABOR COLLEGE

Chautauqua will present a program of Labor Skits on

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 29

at the School Auditorium

The annual Educational Conference will take place the week-end of May 27-28th. Comrades and Friends interested in the work of the Modern School should reserve these dates. Details of the conference will appear in the next issue.

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